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recognition on the face of some dying friend; and those of us who to-day place our feet firmly on that fact, that the greatest and fullest fact in life is God, those of us who do strive to gain a clearer vision of God's protective forces, will at last, when our moment comes to cut the thread here and go beyond, find that the horses and chariots of fire are waiting on the other side of the grave to carry us up into the presence of Him who is our Creator, our Joy, and our Life.

May God in His mercy grant His richest blessings upon the Guild of St. Barnabas; may He enable all its members to stand by this great fact: that life is the triumphant force, and not death; that we need not fear, even though we walk in the midst of peril; because he who hath put his trust in "the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

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#### OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

THE tall gray building rears its massive crown,  
Silent and splendid; all the lights are low,  
And passing underneath I seem to know  
That through the long, white ward moves up and down  
With soft, firm foot and scarcely whispering gown,  
Some nurse, as silent as the winds that blow,—  
The hushed night winds that wander to and fro,—  
With words of comfort for the weary town.

Outside the lighted windows of the ward,  
Beyond the peaceful silence and God's sleep,  
Torn by a bitter conscience' keen-set sword,  
Stabbed by an age-old sorrow driven deep,  
How many wounded through the darkness steal—  
Hearts that no herb nor any hand can heal!

WILL H. OGILVIE in the *London Outlook*.

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WE get back our mete as we measure—  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight for the children of men.

ALICE CARY.